Durkheim's TWIN TOWER, or a bed at Oakridge or Yucca Flats or any of a number of similar resorts, Frick wouldn't have DIED. She wouldn't have been fine, but she'd have been ALIVE.

She did radio spots with Mitzi and Trixie, pitching MODEL SUITES for GIRL ORPHANS. Like Frick, but not Frick....

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Elmo asked Johnny if he'd heard.

Heard WHAT? He never let on. He wasn't supposed to know anything.

Junkies glared at them, for blocking their access to Psycho Farm AC/DC.....

Their morning juice and methadone....

Butch was charged with assault, for those death threats, when Porko brought a Census worker to his door one night.

The Census worker had subsequently been institutionalized in Thing Street, with trauma-induced borderline disorder....

Krakpotkin covertly attended Butch's hearing. Butch brought a woman nobody'd ever seen before or after. She had a kid with her, also rented for the occasion. From the same escort service. He also presented a fat binder full of enrollment forms for $CAMH anger management courses he'd downloaded last night from the world-wide web and rapidly completed as evidence of his efforts to TRANSFORM himself. The judge dismissed it as GARBAGE but during recess Krakpotkin surprised everyone by asking to read it. He said it was interesting. He wanted to know how it turned out.

Butch knew they'd met. It must have been a bar. Because they were drinking. Then again, no. Because they were drinking orange juice. They were in a store. But what kind of store would have let them drink orange juice, like it was some sort of restaurant. Ah, now he remembered. It was a DRUG store. The PsychoFarmAC/DC. They met in at the Methadone Clinic! A small world, but he wouldn't want to paint it. Was it Tang (c)?

Presiding Judge Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre said the time had come to determine his debt to Society, in the form of William Rudolph Hearse.

His debt? To Citizen Hearse? Is that what it was all about? Where was Citizen Hearse when a lonely, starving client cried himself to sleep in a Psychome, with a bunch of crack-heads, junkies, and survivors. The only guys had a chance, were Fellini's goons. He had to string along....

Everyone said, it didn't really matter. For years social workers, poverty advocates, and legal aid lawyers had convinced themselves that Butch and Bruce were BOTH at Death's Door. Perhaps it enabled them to rationalize all the bother they caused them, in meritless cases and nuisance calls. They even speculated how long they had, and placed bets on the HAPPY DAY.

Judge Weasel-Theatre was like-minded. As much as she longed to put him away forever, she decided it was better to let nature take its course.

For intriguing with Butch and other unfortunates, Bruce was sentenced to HOUSE